

Teach Me How To Be Okay by ahale

Category: IT - Stephen King, It - 2017

Genre: Angst, Bowers Gang - Freeform, Fix-It of Sorts, Georgie is alive, IT - Freeform, Losers club - Freeform, M/M, Manipulation, Reddie, fuck pennywise, pennywise never happened, slight child abuse

Language: English

Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Georgie Denbrough, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Sonia Kaspbrak, Stanley Uris

Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier, Minor or Background Relationship(s)

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2019-11-29

Updated: 2019-11-29

Packaged: 2019-12-19 02:21:02

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 2

Words: 5,341

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

eddie kaspbrak was fed up. him and his mother, sonia, are moving for the third time that year, this time to derry, maine. according to her, the other two times weren't "working out, it's such a big city, we can't risk you getting sick." in other words, total bullshit.

he's tired of his mother's control, the manipulation, the shoving whatever pill she can convince the doctor to give him down his throat. thanks to his mother, he never had many friends. besides, his mother hardly let him out of the house, even though he's seventeen, and his germ talk would have everyone running the other direction. so, eddie vows that when he gets to derry, he's not going to fuss about making friends. he's gonna go, finish school, then go to which ever college is the farthest away that his mother didn't know he applied for. he's getting the hell out of dodge when he turns eighteen.

but what happens when he meets and befriends a group of six people who calls themselves "the losers club", who show him how to finally live?

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

this story is also posted on wattpad :)

eddie let out a long breath as he set the last box down. he sat down on the floor, stretching his legs out. he had to admit, the new house was nice. it wasn't too big, despite being a two story, just big enough for the two of them with one bathroom and an extra "guest room" as if they'd be getting any of those. one of the rooms were down stairs, and eddie hoped his mother was taking that one.

a loud beeping noise scared him out of his thoughts. medicine time, he thought. he undid his fanny pack, swallowing the pills dry. before he could go back to scooping out the rest of the house, his mother came into the room.

"oh, eddie bear!" she started, making him grit his teeth. "isn't this house lovely? and this town? you know, it's not a big town, less likely for you to get sick!"

"so does that mean we're actually staying for once?" he mumbled, tapping his fingers on his leg. it's something he does when he gets irritated.

his mother sighed, "i don't know yet. we'll see. anyways, have you taken your medicine yet? it should be time."

"yes, momma." his answer was short as he started to stand up.

"good boy, how take your boxes to your room and start unpacking." he's never left a room so fast.

he was angry. he loved new york, which is where they were before the move here. he had actually made a friend there, a really good friend. sure, he has her number, but it's not the same. he had felt welcomed for once. now he has to start all over, except this time he's acting as if he knows they'll leave again.

eddie unpacked quickly. he hung up his shirts, folding his pants and

underwear neatly to put in his dresser. he took out his white, ruffled comforter to make up his bed. he left his room at that, not wanting to decorate it just incase.

he flopped on his bed when he got done, grabbing his phone and headphones on his nightstand. he hummed to the music, trying to get himself to relax. it was nearing 9pm, and he knew he should go to sleep soon since he's started school tomorrow. he hopes his mother won't come inside with him at this school, to give him some sense of normalcy. getting lost into the music and his thoughts, he drifted off to sleep.

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"eddie! wake up, you start school today!" eddie groaned as he heard sonia's voice calling for him. he huffed, trying to blink the sleep out of his eyes as he reached for his phone. the time read 7:00 am, and he groaned again.

he got up, yawning as he walked to his closet. usually he'd take a shower, but he's not in the mood for it. hegrabbed a plain, pastel yellow sweater with a pair of light mom jeans. he slipped on his shoes, ruffling his hair to calm it down, even though it didn't do anything. he brushed his teeth, then finally making his way downstairs.

his mother was sitting at the small coffee table in the kitchen, sipping her coffee while reading the newspaper. she looked up, eyeing him disappointingly, but not saying anything.

he knew she didn't approve of his outfit. they've had multiple arguments about it, her confronting eddie about wearing "girlier" colors. surprisingly, she stopped after a while, realizing eddie wasn't going to change how he dressed. however, eddie's heart still drops under the disapproving gaze, wishing he could get his mother's approval for once.

"eddie bear, i'm not going to be able to go into the school with you this time, i have a few job interviews to go to." she says, acting as if she was about to cry. "god, i know you hate going into this by yourself."

on the inside, eddie was screaming with joy. maybe he at least won't make a bad first impression this time. though, he put on an understanding face, mumbling an "i understand, momma" before grabbing his bag.

the drive the derry high school wasn't that long, only about five minutes. people were outside, talking and laughing with the people they've probably known forever. suddenly, his stomach was sinking and he felt as if he was about to cry. he doesn't belong here, but he should've know that.

his mother turned to him, throwing hundreds of questions at him. "do you have all your pills?" yes momma. "do you have your inhaler? both of them?" yes momma. "phone charged?" of course. "call me if anything happens at all, especially if you feel sick. god, you're so fragile eddie." she brought her hand up to touch his cheek, but he threw a quick "love you" her way before jumping out the car.

he looked around, glad that no one's really giving him the time of day. well, almost everyone. a boy standing next to five other people, wearing big, coke bottle glasses with curly hair that looks like it hasn't been brushed is staring at him with both looks of confusion and amusement.

eddie was staring back in just pure confusion. he has to admit, the boy's cute. his heart skipped a beat when the other boy started smirking. lanky boy, he decides to call him, said something to his friends that made all their heads snap up to his direction. eddie's eyes widened, quickly looking away while making his way to the office. he passed the group on his way in, avoiding eye contact as best as he can.

he walked into the office, noticing the old receptionist with white hair. she looked up at him, giving him a big smile. "hi there! what can i do for you today?" the optimism wasn't really helping his mood any.

"um, i'm the new kid, eddie kasprak." she made an "oh" face before reaching into the file cabinet behind her. she smiled back up at him, handing him a white sheet of paper.

"this is your schedule!" she said with too much excitement. "if you want to take a seat, we're going to grab a student to kind of walk you around so you won't get lost."

he nodded, mumbling a thank you before sitting down on one of the chairs against the wall. he pulled out his phone, noticing he already had a couple texts from his mom. however, one stood out to him. his friend from new york, now his moods getting slightly better.

to: eddie

from: sophie

crossing my finger that this goes well, but you better not make cool new friends and forget about me.

he chuckled a bit, going to reply when he heard the door open. a pretty girl with red hair walked in, quickly scanning the room. she smiled when her eyes landed on eddie, walking over to him.

"hi, you must be eddie, the new kid?" she asked, holding out her hand. "i'm beverly, beverly marsh. i'm supposed to be the one to walk you around today."

eddie slowly stood up, cautious about her. she seems nice, but he's let his guard down before with new people. he shivered at the thought, shaking his head to push it down. "yes, that's me." he replied, shaking her hand.

"sweet." she says before turning back to the secretary. "i got him from here, mrs. p." the old woman smiled at her, waving.

"thanks, ms. marsh. have a great first day, eddie!" eddie gave her a small smile in return before following beverly out the door.

they walked in silence for a couple minutes before beverly spoke up. "so, new kid, what's your come to derry for?"

he knew it was a harmless question, but it was one he was dreading. he wasn't trying to make friends, but he didn't want to blurt his business out.

"um," he started, trying to come up with something. "just some, personal bullshit."

beverly let out a small "ah" before pointing to a room with double doors. "that, that right there is the cafeteria." she pointed a bit down the hall, "that's the main bathrooms, on this floor anyways."

eddie nodded along, knowing he'd probably forget everything anyways. they passed a group of guys, them following the pair with their eyes.

"don't look at them, eddie. they're bad news." beverly said. "that's the bowers gang. the leader being mr. henry bowers himself. stay clear of them, they bring nothing but trouble."

one of the guys mumbled "girly boy" as the continued past. he let out a soft sigh at the insult, he wasn't really surprised. he expected that, with how he dresses.

beverly winced, looking at him apologetics. "he's an asshole. i'm sorry about that."

eddie just shrugged, he's heard it before as well as worse things. he's used to it. however, what he's not used to is what came out of beverly's mouth next.

"hey, since your the new kid, you probably haven't made many friends yet, so maybe you could sit with me and my friend group at lunch? we're all pretty chill, and they wouldn't mind." she smiled at him softly.

he opened and closed his mouth, trying to find something to say. "um. maybe." he finally mumbled. she nodded, continuing her tour.

soon, eddie has seen all of his classes, and he was finally going. the classes weren't his favorite, the only class he actually enjoys being art. which bhad everything to do with his love for painting and nothing to do with the same curly haired boy he saw staring at him outside. he did decide, however, hat not only was he cute, he was kinda funny too. the day passed in a blur and the next thing he knows, it's lunch.

he pushes open the cafeteria, immediately being hit with loud talking and the smell of gross cafeteria food. he looked around, trying to find the red head who helped him earlier. it didn't take long, finally finding the table she was sitting at. there was five other people, another curly haired boy, another with straight hair, who also has a stutter. he only know that because he's in his english class. next to him is a chubby guy and then another guy who's also in his class. despite them being there, his eyes locked on the lanky boy.

as if he sensed someone staring at him, his head snapped up. once he saw him, he elbowed beverly, making her look in his direction too. she gave him a smile, waving him over.

but then he turned to another table and his eyes locked on what he found out was the bower's gang. they were staring at him, and not in a friendly way. he felt his breathing get heavier, and he was starting to shake.

no, no, no. he thought. not here, not her in front of everyone.

he zoned out, not noticing the rest of beverly's group staring at him with concern. he backed up, trying to leave before running into a trashcan. his breath hitches, his skin feeling like it was on fire. finally, he ran out of the cafeteria and into the bathroom.

he pumped out as much soap as he could, scrubbing both hands with warm water. he was breathing deeper and he could feel tears rolling down his face.

his head snapped to the door as he heard footsteps coming towards the bathroom. he quickly ran into the stall, pulling out his inhaler to take a quick puff. he heard the door open, someone calling out "hello?"

he screwed his eyes shut, remembering that voice from art class. he sat in silence for a few more minutes, holding he'd leave. instead, he spoke up again, "you know, i know you're in here, i can see your shoes."

eddie sighed, wiping his face to get rid of the tears. he opened the stall, carefully stepping out. the boy smiled at him. "you okay? i saw

you run out the cafeteria?"

he put on a fake smile before answering. "i am okay, just a bit overwhelming is all." technically it wasn't a lie.

he nodded in understanding. "i'm richie, by the way. richie tozier," sticking his hand out for him to shake.

"eddie." he mumbled.

"that's cute," richie says, smile beaming at him. "cute! cute! cute!"

eddie blushes, quickly turning around to wash his hands again.

"well, eds, you wanna come back and sit with us?" he asked, looking kind of hopeful.

"eddie, not ed's," he corrected. eddie was about to say sure, until he remembered he wasn't making friends. he shook his head, watching richie's smile fall a bit. "i'm just going to go..." he started, thinking of something to say. "to the library or something, until lunch is over. i appreciate the offer though."

richie nodded, going to turn around. "well, i'll see you around. maybe you could tomorrow?"

eddie sighed, nodded even though he wasn't going to. richie smiles again, walking towards the before stopping. "oh, hey, here's my number." he says, pulling out a slip of paper from his pocket.

"do you just have random slips of paper with your number on them in your pocket for situations like this?" eddie asked without hesitating. richie laughed at that, shaking his head.

"i wrote that in art, cutie. was just waiting for the right time to hand it to you." eddie's face heat up at the name. he slipped the paper into his pocket, staring back at richie.

"maybe i'll text you." he doubts it.

"you better." he says, walking backwards towards the door. "nice fanny pack by the way." he winked, and with that he was gone.

eddie stood there for a few minutes before pulling out his phone and putting richies number in it. who knows, he might need it for school purposes. the bell rang, signaling it was time to go back to class.

the rest of the day went by fast, him not seeing richie in any other classes, much to his dismay. his mother was already waiting for him when he walked outside. of course, he got hit with too many questions. he knew his mother was going to check him over when they got home, but he couldn't be bothered to fuss about it right now.

and if he's still thinking about the cute, lanky boy, well, that's no one's business but his.

2. Chapter 2

-tw: homophobic slurs-

eddie shoved a spoon full of cereal in his mouth while watching his mother pace around the room. she was in her new work uniform, going through a still full box sitting beside the door. she's not used to having to be so prepared this early in the morning, seeing as her other jobs were really flexible. new york her would have quit the second they tried to make her come in so early. however, derry's a small town, so she doesn't have many options.

"where are the damn keys..." she mumbled, standing up from the box. she ran into her room again, making eddie shake his head.

he turned his head towards the couch, noticing the silver keys poking out behind a pillow. he covered up his snort with his hand before calling out to his mom, "ma! on the couch!"

she let out a heavy sigh of relief as she walked back into the living room. she looked him up and down, probably wondering why he wasn't dressed yet.

"eddie bear, you know we have to leave soon, i can't be late on my first day, dear." he held back a wince at the nickname, standing up to put his bowl in the sink.

"uh yeah, about that." he says, making her narrow her eyes. "i was thinking maybe i could walk? it's not too chilly out yet, seeing as it's only october. plus, the schools not that far away."

she went to shake her head, probably getting ready to ramble about everything eddie might catch before he cuts her off. "momma, if you wait for me to get dressed, you're going to be late. then you'll get fired before you even started." he says, hopeful. "it'll give me a chance to see the neighborhood and it'll only be this one time."

she stood there in thought for another minute before she sighed again, shaking her head. "okay, fine. but only for today, understand? and you call or text me as soon as you get into the building."

"yes mamma!" he says, trying not to act too happy.

his mother pulled him into a hug, saying something he wasn't even listening to. she finally pulled away after what felt like forever, walking to the door. "oh! i almost forgot. i got your doctor to send your prescription refill here, then set an appointment for the new one. stop by the pharmacy after school and pick it up, but then be straight home, okay?"

he nodded, fist pumping the air when she finally left. he grabbed his phone off the table, checking the time. he ran up to his room, trying to think of what to wear to school.

he totally didn't want to dress cute for art class.

he just choose a basic, light pink sweater with light jeans. he went to the bathroom, ruffling his hair again before giving himself a once over. he decided he looked alright, grabbing his bag and leaving the house.

the air was crisp, but not too bad. it actually felt good, he thought. he passes a row of houses in his neighbors, admiring how each one looks a bit different. he loves things like that, the way each house represents a different family living inside. he smiled a bit.

once he got to school, he noticed that the group of six friends weren't standing outside the door this time. what he did notice, was henry bowers eyeing him from where he was standing beside his beat-up car.

he swallowed deeply before walking into the building, ignoring the holes he was glaring in him. he took out his phone, looking for his mother's contact to let her know he got to school.

he stopped when he saw richie's contact. he had completely forgotten he decided to put his number in his phone. his finger hovered over the messages button, debating on whether or not a message would hurt anything. would it be worth it, he thought.

before he could think any further, he ran into the back of someone, making both of them fall to the ground.

"shit, i'm so sorry!" eddie says quickly, trying to get back to his feet.

the boy he ran into chuckled, rubbing the back of his head. "i-it's o-o-okay." he stuttered out.

oh, he thought. this is the boy in my english class. eddie reached over, helping him collect his books before they both stood up. "i'm sorry." eddie started. "for, um, running into you. and, stuff."

the other boy chuckled again, shaking his head. "i-it's cool. s-stuff h-happens." he shrugged, giving him a small smile. "hey, yo-you're eddie, r-right? t-the new k-kid?"

eddie nodded before taking the reached out hand. "i'm b-bill."

"yeah, we have english together." eddie says, watching him nod. "and aren't you friends with beverly and richie? i met them yesterday too."

bill smiled at the mention of his friends. "y-yeah. i-i'm sorry i-if r-rich m-made any i-in-inappropriate jokes. h-he's crude like t-that s-sometimes."

eddie chuckled a bit before shaking his head. "no, he was pretty cool. we only talked for a couple seconds."

"ah, w-well, give i-it time. y-you'll see w-what i m-mean." bill said, "d-do y-you think you'll b-be able to s-soy w-w-with us at lunch today? we-we're all pretty chill. p-plus, r-richie h-hasn't shut up ab-about you."

eddie blushes at that, opening and closing his mouth. he has to admit, he wouldn't mind sitting with them. but, he made a vow to himself that he wanted to keep. he wouldn't be here long enough to make long lasting friendships, so would it be worth it.

the bell rang, cutting him out of his thoughts. he looked at bill's hopefully look, making him sigh. "maybe." he said, giving him a soft smile. bill nodded, accepting his answer before saying he'll see him later.

his first few classes went okay. bill sat beside him in english and richie made the inappropriate jokes bill told him about in art class.

unfortunately, he wasn't joking with him, but another boy beside him.

the bell rang signaling lunch time, and instead of going straight to the cafeteria this time, he stopped by the bathroom. he took a deep breath, feeling his chest tighten again at the thought of all the people in the crowded cafeteria.

he took a puff of his inhaler, trying to calm himself. he made sure he wasn't touching anything in the bathroom, not wanting to scrub his arms until they turned red again. at times like this, he curses his mother. he wishes he could be a normal kid, not having to thank twice before leaning against the bathroom counter. he wishes he could just walk into the cafeteria, not worrying about the germs that might be being spread with so many people in there.

too busy thinking, he didn't notice the bathroom door open until a voice spoke up, making his heart drop.

"well well, if it isn't the new kid."

he turned around, coming face to face with henry bowers and the rest of his gang. his breathing got deeper, backing up slowly as the other walked forward.

"what? cat got your tongue?" he smirked, making the other three laugh.

"i'm sorry, is there a problem?" eddie asks, voice shaky. it was only his second day, he didn't want to get into any trouble. he also didn't want to come home with marks his skin, knowing if he did, they'd be on to the next town. he quickly scanned the room, trying to figure out a way he could quickly get passed them.

"i'm sorry, is there a problem?" henry mocked, rolling his eyes. "hell yeah, there's a problem."

eddie's back touched the wall, and he knew there was only one way he was getting out of this. "you just waltz in here, dressing like that." he spit out, looking him up and down in disgust. "what, you some faggot?"

eddie physically winced at the word, making henry smirk even bigger. his eyes raked over him, stopping at the fanny pack. "whatcha got there?"

eddie frantically shook his head, trying to stop him from reaching in it. it didn't work, and henry grabbed his bottle of pills. "what, you got some other disease too?"

"give it back." eddie says, reaching for the pill bottle henry held out of reach.

"oh, girly boy getting bold, him?" the other boys laughed as henry walked into a stall, opening the bottle and pouring the pills in there.

eddie silently cursed himself, thankful that he was going to get a new prescription today. henry walked back over to him, starting to open his mouth again before eddie kicked him, making his hands fly to his private area, knees buckling.

"you bitch!" henry spit out, falling to his knees. eddie moves quickly, jumping over him. "grab him, you idiots!" henry yelled, making the other three jump.

the boy with the white-blond hair went to grab him, eddie quickly falling to the floor to go under his legs. eddie has always hated how short he was, but now he's so thankful for it. he tripped one of the other boys, making him fall to the ground.

eddie sprinted towards the door, throwing it open. "you better watch your back, girly boy!" henry called out.

he turned his head, looking behind him to make sure they weren't following him. his body collided with another, eddie letting out a loud curse for running into someone twice that day.

"woah, woah, eds." eddie could kiss whoever created the universe right now. "you okay? you look a bit pale."

eddie let out a sigh of relief, looking up at richie. "no, nope i'm good."

richie furrowed his eyebrows, nodding his head. "ooo-kay, well, i was actually looking for you, wanted to make sure you didn't get lost

finding the cafeteria, bill said you'd sit with us today, but you-

eddie cut off his rambling, wanting to get out of the hallway before henry and the rest of his gang came back. "yeah, let's go, don't wanna leave the rest hanging." with that, he grabbed richie's hand, dragging him to the cafeteria.

he spotted the loser's table almost instantly, beverly's red hair standing out. he slowed down, letting richie pass him. his heart was beating fast, and he realized he wasn't supposed to make new friends. richie was pulling eddie this time, sitting him down beside him at the table.

"good day ladie and gents, look who i ran into!" richie said in some accent before continuing, "literally."

"guys, this is eddie, eddie kaspbrak, eddie this is stan the man, big bill, benny boy, bev, and mikey!" he pointed to each of them, making a few of them roll their eyes.

"it's just stan," the boy with curly hair said, smiling at him.

"and i'm just ben," a short, chubby boy said, giving him a small wave.

"mike." another said, giving a big smile.

"a-and yo-you k-know me!" bill says, smiling at him again. "we literally ra-ran into e-each other t-this m-m-m-morning, too!"

"well, damn, eddie spagettie! you're just running into everyone today!" richie said loudly.

"rich, leave the boy alone." beverly said, rolling her eyes but smiling nonetheless.

"it's eddie." eddie mumbled, looking at the door as it opened to make sure henry wasn't the one walking in.

the rest continued the conversation they were having, eddie not wanting to intrude. he watched and listened in, laughing at a few of richie's jokes. he was crude indeed.

richie started saying something about ben and beverly, making ben throw his hand over richie's mouth.

"richie tozier, i swear-" he started, but quickly pulled his hand back in disgust. "did you just lick me?"

"why, yes sir i did." richie said, smiling.

a few 'ews' went around the table, though it made eddie speak up. "ew, richie do you know how many germs are on your hands? you touch everything during the day, and do you even know where your hands have been?" eddie rambled. he regretted opening his mouth, knowing this was exactly what had people running the other way.

"i mean, if you wanna know where they've been, just ask your moth-" he started.

"oh my god, that's disgusting." eddie says.

the rest of the table watched them bicker, small smiles on their face. soon they were all talking, throwing things at each other. eddie felt like a puzzle piece they've been missing.

the rest of the day went smoothly for eddie, avoiding henry bowers the best he could. he walked outside, getting ready to pull up the pharmacy on his phone before he heard someone calling his name. his head snapped up, noticing the group standing next to a car in the parking lot.

eddie smiled a bit, walking up to them. "eds!" richie shouted. "we're planning on going to the quarry later, you in?"

"it's eddie." he said. his face dropped, knowing his mother wouldn't let him. "um, actually i can't today, i'm kind of busy."

"that's okay, maybe another time?" mike asked.

"yeah, maybe." he smiled, getting ready to walk away. "hey, do you guys buy any chance know where the pharmacy is?" eddie cursed himself, of course they'd know where the pharmacy is.

"ah, why yes we do! we could walk you there?" richie asked, looking

around the group.

"richie, i love you, and eddie, you're great, but greta works there, so its a no from me." beverly said, shrugging.

"greta?" eddie asked, confused.

"greta, aka biggest bitch in school. she's had it out for beverly for years now." stan answered, "stay clear of her, as well as henry bowers." well, too late for that.

"i-i have t-to pi-pick g-georgie up from s-school." bill said, looking apologetic. "g-georgie's m-my brother."

eddie nodded at him in understanding. stan couldn't come either, having to do something for his father. mike was needed at his farm, and ben needed a ride from beverly, who "got her license before us, so now she drives us everywhere", according to richie.

so now, richie and eddie we're walking down the street. well, eddie was walking, richie was riding his skateboard behind him. it was quite at first, eddie looking around to take in the scenery. it was a nice, little town, eddie decided. it felt homely, like it could actually be a home to him.

he quickly shook his head, getting rid of those thought. he won't be there that long. "so, eds, what's wrong with ya? whatcha need medicine for?"

"don't call me that." he said automatically. "it's- a long story." he sighed, not wanting to get to into it. thankfully, richie didn't push.

"where'd you live before derry?" he asked, keeping his eyes in front of him.

"new york city." eddie smiled, thinking of his friend. he should call her when he gets home.

the answer made richie stop in his place. "new york city? and you moved to derry? what the fuck did you do that for?" he asked, eyes wide.

eddie chuckled, trying to ignore the way his heart fluttered at the look on his face. "another long story, rich."

"i'll get it out of you one day." richie said, walking instead of riding his board. eddie smiled a bit sadly to himself at that.

"well, here we are, spaghetti man!" eddie rolled his eyes, ignoring it this time before walking into the pharmacy.

it was small, shelves filled with different medical supplies, among many other things. he winced at the unorganization of it, walking to the back. he noted a man who looked to be in his 30s and a younger girl sitting beside him. he assumes that's greta.

he gets his medication, walking back outside with richie. he turned to face him, expecting them to part ways. "so, where to next?" he asked.

"um, i-, uh." eddie stuttered. he wasn't used to this. "i mean, i gotta go straight home so..."

"that's cool, lead the way." richie said, beckoning him to move forward. "i can't just leave you here! you'll get lost, and then we'll never see you again!" richie said dramatically, making eddie roll his eyes.

they walked quietly for a few minutes, eddie's house not being that far away. when they were on his street, richie decided to speak up. "so, usually, i'm not the desperate type, but you never texted me. you should do that." richie shrugged.

"i-," eddie started, trying to find the words to say. "maybe i will."

richie gave him a blinding smile, following eddie onto the porch.

"well, you've gotten home safe, my duty here is donr, my good sir." he said in a terrible british accent, bowing.

eddie giggled at that, making richie smile even bigger. "i'll see you at school, rich."

"it's a lot time until monday," richie said, rubbing the back of his next, "maybe we could hang out tomorrow?"

eddie's eyebrows furrowed at richie's flushed face. "like, like all of us. like all seven of us," richie rambled. "you know, stan, bev, bill, be-"

"okay rich." eddie smiled. "i'll see if i can. i'll text you, alright?"

richie smiled, nodding and giving him a salute before bouncing off the steps.

eddie opened the door with the biggest smile on his face. he pulled out his phone after setting his stuff down. he sent a text to his mom, telling her she got home okay before pulling up richies contact. he sent a simple "hi, this is eddie." before locking his phone.

maybe making a few friends wouldn't be so bad.